

The Red Man and Helper.

THE RED MAN.

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Consolidated Red Man and Helper
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THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

It wound through strange scarred hills, down
canyons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for
company;
Its milestones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst
amoan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.
To-day the steam god thunders through the
vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling
trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexican, Indian,
Who offered wares, keen colored, like their
past:
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand,
Still westward lies a green and golden land.
For, as the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless toms,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.
RICHARD BURTON
In The Century.

OFF TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

Notes From Miss Burgess' Journal.
Tuesday, August 11.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad keeps very near to the old Santa Fe Trail, that was traversed from the Missouri in the days before railroads were known, by pack mules and "prairie schooners" loaded with merchandise for the populace which had become numerous enough to be of commercial importance. The writer remembers in her younger years and after one or two through lines to the coast had been built, seeing so called "prairie schooners" sometimes labeled "Pike's Peak or Bust," passing over the prairies destined to the mines of Colorado or further west. But now, transportation is made so cheap, so comfortable, so inviting that the miner and his family, the laborer and his flock of little ones, the explorer and adventurer may secure sleeping-car berth or free reclining chairs and enjoy the luxury of being drawn by the great steam horse as they speed along and take in the wonders of scenery and engineering achievement. The round trip then consumed 110 days. Now it can be made in five or six days. Then the caravans carrying merchandise were protected by military escort, and the Indians were blamed for most of the murders and plundering that occurred. The Indian never massacred, captured, or tortured half as much as he is charged with. The Indian always has been human, and when mistreated, swindled, insulted and abused, he resents as all people do.

The natural Indian is a kind man, and much of the torturous cruelty with which he is charged has been forced upon him by his greedy white brother.

In the early 70's when the Pawnees lived in Nebraska, and my father was their agent, this story was told by a friend of an eye witness, and is authentic. A company of young adventurers on the overland wagon trip to California swore before they left on their journey, that they would skin alive the first red-skin they met; they carried out their oath to the letter. Surrounding an inoffensive man of the Pawnee tribe, they committed the dastardly and cowardly deed of cutting him up in pieces, beginning at the toes and skinning each part before severing it from the body, to the excruciating torture of their innocent victim. But no such brutal deed is ever pictured in the guide books as committed by the white man, while the blood-thirsty Indian must stand the brunt of all the mean accusation that can be heaped upon him. He is uneducated, and we allow him to continue in that helpless condition. His children are being taught the knowledge that may be gained from books, but only in small numbers are they being thrown out into the only experience that tells for bona-fide self-dependence. A few years of life out and away from their homes, in-

to the life of the thrifty Anglo-Saxon does more to build up an independent man than all the knowledge from books that can be poured into them at home. They must have some book knowledge but most of all they must take upon themselves the spirit that makes a man, and where can the Indian get that spirit if held aloof from it.

These wretched specimens of Indian humanity we see along the railroad are a standing reproach to our boasted civilization.

Old women with wrinkles in miniature resemblance to the water-furrowed rocks of their native country, wretched looking beings clothed in rags, ornamented with time-worn beads, and filthy scraggly hair blowing in every direction, do not impress the average traveller with the idea that anything can be made of Indians. In this Southwestern country Indians and Mexican Greasers are mentioned in one breath with but little more respect shown the Greaser than the red-man, when all tradition gives preponderance to the NOBLE red-man.

Conditions have changed. There are not many NOBLE specimens now, and who is to blame?

On arriving at Albuquerque the Pennsylvania delegation of the G. A. R., filling about a dozen Standard and Tourist Sleepers was welcomed by the Mayor in an informal address at the Alvarado and this was responded to by the commander of the National Encampment, Thos. J. Stewart, by Commander Walton of the Department of Pennsylvania and several others in a very befitting manner which was listened to with pleasure by the large crowd in front of the hotel.

The City band played and there was a general good time.

An Indian Mexican Curio store with our friend Antonio Apache in charge was a busy scene in the early evening. It is said to be one of the finest collections of genuine Indian goods—Moki, Navaho, Zuni, Apache, Pima, etc, ever placed before the public; and the various articles are reasonable in price.

Our train arrived about 9:30 P. M. nearly three hours behind time, to remain all night. I tried three times to raise the Indian School, through telephone, but no sound could I get in reply. I was afterward informed that all are generally in bed by 9:30 o'clock, (a reasonable hour for good people to retire.)

Wednesday, August 12.

The first point of interest after leaving Albuquerque at 7:30 were the Indian Pueblos. Passing Isleta there were scattering villages of adobe houses till we reached Laguna. Having been promised through the G. A. R. circulars that the Lagunas would for the entertainment of our party give one of their typical tribe dances, which was promised to be a unique and particularly interesting feature of the trip, everybody was on the alert and anxious to see something to stir the blood.

As the train pulled in, we Carlisle's recognized Mrs. Robert Marmon and several of her children at their door waving hands of welcome. She is the same gentle sweet Maria she ever carried herself when a school girl at Carlisle. The Marmon residence being near the station we jumped the train and went in. Mrs. Marmon, Edith, Agnes, Walter and little brothers greeted us most cordially (we afterwards met Mr. Marmon) and the train-load of passengers, curious to see an educated Indian lady with baby in arms rushed in and soon filled the house to overflowing. One of the girls kindly entertained the crowd for a few moments with piano playing. Everybody was delighted with the people, with their comfortable residence and handsome refined and educated children. Walter happened to be at home. His fine team and farm wagon were standing at the gate to take him to his ranch where he has a thousand head of cattle and other stock.

In a moment or two the train pulled to

the front of the village and was soon emptied of passengers

"The dance!" "The dance!" was the cry and the ascent of that curious rocky cliff covered with adobe houses some on top of each other and entered only by ladders, was begun.

There has been a great change in the appearance of Laguna since I saw it last. Many of the old shakily shells have given place to new fresh adobe dwelling. The new houses are entered by doors, and the windows have modern curtains in white cloth or lace and every house entered was cool, clean and home-like

On reaching the top of a steep climb of possibly a hundred feet, we came to a plaza and there hideously dressed in paint and feathers were some fourteen or fifteen boys—the dancers. Had we gone in upon them unawares, and the performance as in olden times enacted by serious men to carry out some religious rite, one might have had respect for those participating. But it was instead a made-up show of something the boys had probably picked up here and there in Buffalo Bill shows, etc. The war bonnets of imitation eagle feathers were showy and highly colored, but not Laguna. The Pueblos never had such war bonnets, never such songs, never such a dance. It was a well acted farce gotten up to entertain and satisfy the morbid curiosity of a gazing crowd who wanted more to see the wild than the progressive Indian. Who cares anything about a progressive red man? He is the same as the rest of us numbered by the hundred and goes about his business unnoticed, as he should.

I went to the center of the plaza, at the close of one scene and asked the leader, if any Carlisle boy was in that dance.

"No," replied a highly painted fellow sulkily.

"Any school boy?"

One was pointed out as having been to a nearby non-reservation school a few months while the others had never attended school. The school-boy was the husband of one of our girls.

When several of our returned Carlisle boys came up so manfully, so gentlemanly, showing courteous respect and eager desire to shake their old Carlisle friends and teachers by the hand it was a delight to see them. Chester Paisano has a store and took me in it. I had a talk with his father, who is probably the proprietor of the store. He is sensible and kindly disposed and the store has an air of success about it. They live nicely. Perry Tsama-wa was exceedingly warm in his greeting. He is home on leave of absence for a few days from his position as instructor of shoe and harness making at the Albuquerque School, as bright and happy as can be, showing gratitude with every smile and word at being able to carry himself through life without leaning on friends. Walter Marmon with the two others mentioned formed a group by themselves waving their good byes as the train pulled out. There were others, a dozen or more who came to shake hands. Some of the girls modestly apologized for being in Indian dress.

"Why do you wear Indian dress?" I asked of one whose English learned at Carlisle is still fluent.

"Miss Burgess, I'm so poor," she said.

"Does the Indian dress cost less?"

"Oh, yes I wear this dress every day and every day till I wear it out. I have to have more than one dress when I wear a white woman's dress, and the style is always changing. I could not keep up."

I understood from several that she is an exemplary young Indian woman in every way, does her best, economizes and is working hard to help support the family, her husband an ex-student, being nearly blind.

"I'm sorry," she said, "for you to see me this way, but I do my best."

Another related a similar experience.

From every report I could get she is doing well, keeps an excellent home, participates in progressive movements, is

rearing a family of bright children, talks fluent English but dresses in the native costume of her people. Has she gone back? as the white tormentor likes to hurl at Indian educators.

Gone back? Gone back to what? She is a woman and a living example of usefulness.

None of the GRADUATES have adopted Indian dress.

Mary Natsawa was the name of the last case mentioned above before she married, and had I space I would repeat the story of an experience in her life; how when she came back to her home years ago I came with her, how she was anxious to return to Carlisle with me, in company with forty others; how she was a most desirable student, a beautiful character, had the consent of her father, brother and all interested in her welfare, but when the train stopped at the station and she was about to board it with me, her brother sprang upon her like a wild animal, seized her wrists and bore her out wailing and weeping; out into the midnight darkness and back into ignorance and Indianism. I never had seen her or heard from her from that day until today, when, throwing her shawl back from her head she encircled me with her arms and implanted a fervent kiss on my cheek with the words: "O, Miss Burgess, I'm so glad to see you." Two nice clean looking children were pointed to me with pride, and she gave in a moment the history of her life. Her married life is a happy one she claims. The old aunt who was instrumental in holding her back did not speak to me, although she was there, and the brother did not present himself.

With a few more years in the education and experience that go to make character, independence and social standing, Mary might as well now be occupying an enviable position among people of culture as to be held down by the bondage of conditions that dwarf. She deserves great credit, however, for doing as well as her friends give her credit, and I feel especially grateful for her warm demonstration of affectionate remembrance.

AMONG THE NAVAHOS.

In the July number of the Southern Workman appeared the article "Among the Navahos" from the pen of Emma Paddock Telford. It is so full of interesting facts that we take pleasure in publishing it in our columns:

"Last winter the snow came early and stayed late on the San Francisco mountains and in the Grand Canyon country. The early spring brought much rain, and the hearts of the Navahos sang within them, for their flocks would once more find green pastures and sweet waters. What this means can only be appreciated by those who have lived in a desert land. Owing to protracted drought, the last six years in the Navaho country have been like the "lean years" of Pharaoh's dream, and this people, brave, industrious and self-reliant, have, in many cases, been brought to the very verge of starvation. For upon the welfare of their flockshang all the profits of the Navahos.

It has grown to be the fashion among people prone to discourse volubly upon things they know very little about, to talk largely of the wealth of the Navahos—of their wild domains, their flocks and herds, until popular fancy has credited them with conditions analogous to those depicted in the pastorals of Virgil—shepherds watching their flocks in beautiful pastures, surrounded by lovely scenery and passing their time under beech trees playing on pipes while, for the women

"The looms were set, the webs
Were hung; beneath their fingers, nimbly plied,
The subtle fabrics grew; and wrap and woof
Transverse, with shuttle and with stay compact
Were pressed in order fair. The toll
Itself was pleasure to the skillful hands
That knew so well their task."

This is indeed a pretty picture of Arcadia—but the Navaho would not recognize it. In his daily life, the web of fancy gives way to the colder prose of facts.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

THE MECHANICAL WORK ON THIS PAPER IS DONE BY INDIAN APPRENTICES

TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE: MISS M. BURGESS, SUPT. PRINTING CARLISLE, PA.

Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa. as Second class matter.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office, for if you have not paid for it, some one else has.

In the Agassiz Museum in Boston is a collection of flowers so beautiful as to excite exclamations from all who behold them. They are perfect in part, form and color. Only by handling them does one become aware that they are not nature's product but the result, in glass, of the work of one man who has sat as a student at nature's feet. He has put his life into it and as a result does one thing with surpassing skill and is famous.

The attention of all those who ask what becomes of the returned student is commended to that portion of the strong article from Miss Burgess' pen, which appears on another page and relates to her experiences at Laguna.

Her portrayal of the farcical dance still denominated "a religious custom" by the friends of the old order of things, and the sensible position taken by those Indians who have been educated away from the reservation is a well written and true picture of actualities.

Before another REDMAN AND HELPER goes to press our Juniors and Seniors will be in from the most satisfactory outing in the history of Carlisle outings. Almost without exception their service has been eminently satisfactory to employers who demand both willingness and intelligence. The students have received fair wages and an experience that enables the world to be faced with more confidence than would have been possible without such contact. Lessons of industry, perseverance, courtesy, and self restraint can no where be learned under more favorable auspices than rule the annual country going.

Work is so plentiful in these times that it is difficult to remember the days from 1892 to 1896 when thousands of men were making unavailing pleas for something to do. Even in those "hard times" when hunger was a permanent resident in so many cottages and tenements, the man who knew a useful trade well was seldom out of employment. When these periods of partial industrial stagnation come to our country the night is darkest and longest with those who have made no use of their days of preparation to gain proficiency in some industry.

The Indian who can do well something that has a place in the industrial economy of the nation is certain with industry and frugality to be reasonably free from liability to poverty. The one who does not is absolutely sure, sooner or later, to know the humiliation of dependence or the pangs of hunger.

Mississippi Choctaws.

A special train of eight coaches will arrive in Denison tonight about 7 o'clock bearing 200 Mississippi Choctaw Indians enroute to Atoka, I. T., to claim their allotments, having been legally enrolled by the Dawes commission. The special started from Meridan. On arrival here the Indians will be served by Manager W. S. Kelso, of the Union Depot Hotel, with coffee, biscuits and fried ham sandwiches.—[Denison Herald.]

The Navahos show that they are not slow of apprehension. At a gathering one of them drew a very crooked line in the sand and said to the missionary: "That is like the road those people travel who gamble, get angry and are thieves and liars." Beside this he drew a straight line, saying, "That is like the road that the friends of 'one called Jesus' walk, who do not lie nor steal, drink whiskey or gamble; that is a good road.—[Our Outlook.]

"Economy is the goodgenius whose presence guides in a variety of ways the footsteps of every prosperous man."

RESERVATION HAS BEEN FENCED IN.

The entire Belknap reservation east of Great Falls has been fenced in, and recommendations of the different Indian agents to that effect have at last been complied with. The fencing was completed about a week ago, and H. C. Willetts, of the traders' store who passed through the city last evening, speaks very highly of the work accomplished.

"The reservation is about sixty miles long by forty wide, and it was only necessary to build a wire fence on two sides of the reservation," said Mr. Willetts, "for on the other two natural fences existed which were just as good, if not better, than the other. On one side the mountains form an effectual barrier and on another the Milk river runs."

Thousands of Cattle.

There are now about 10,000 head of cattle grazing on the reservation belonging to outside parties who have leased the privileges from the Indians and for which they pay \$1 a head.

There are about 1,500 Indians on the reservation, about 900 of them being Assiniboines and the remainder Gros Ventres. They all have ranches and farms and raise hay and other products. They also have cattle of their own. The hay crop will be exceedingly short all over that country this year, however, as the season until recently has been so cold that the grass did not grow. The range is also short. The Indian school at the reservation is doing good work and a large number of Indian children attend it.—[Great Falls Evening Leader.]



PUEBLO DANCE.

News From Asbury Park.

One of our girls writes from Asbury Park, New Jersey:

Last week Miss Weekley made us a very unexpected visit. It is needless to say that we were all delighted to see her. She told us that she had gained three pounds in one day. We girls are very much pleased with our place. Miss M. C. Jones with whom we live is very kind and considerate, we are very fond of her.

Some very amusing mistakes are made by our waitresses. We will mention a few of them for the amusement of our friends: Miss Woodworth in taking a meat order said, "fish, force, or oatmeal," "coquette" instead of croquette, and "sicken choup" for chicken soup. Miss Nelson in taking a tea and coffee order said, "Will you have tea or cup."

Miss Ramon in taking a meat order said, "chewed oysters" instead of stewed oysters, and "roost chicken" for roast chicken and "clam chops" for lamb chops. We have fun from morning till night

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

DEAR "RED MAN."

For "many moons" I've been subscribing for your very valuable and instructive "INDIAN HELPER" and "RED MAN AND HELPER" combination, and I don't want at this late date to have my name dropped from your list, so I am enclosing fifty cents for two years subscription, hoping that you and I will live long after that time expires to read the paper you publish from week to week under the care of the watchful and prudent Man-on-the-band-stand. My good old father (now in his 84th year) is also one of your weekly readers and takes particular delight in working out the enigma which is to be found on the fourth page of your paper. Hoping that you may have continual success I remain,

Very truly yours,

HARRISBURG, PA.
August 25, 1903.

Miss Nellie Robertson after spending several weeks at Chautauqua, N. Y. visited Miss Robbins at Robbins Station this State. They came together on Wednesday afternoon, both looking very much benefitted by the summer's outing.

FROM ONE OF CLASS '98.

It has been very kind of you to send the HELPER and we have not missed it once. We look for that paper every Monday morning as regular as we would look ahead for our regular meals. I do not see how we could go without it now, as I find that paper every week to so many in our neighborhood.

Time flies by so fast that one can't realize how long they have been away from school.

Alice B. McCarthy, class 1901, is here in Minneapolis attending Caron's Business College, the largest Business College in the northwest. It accommodates over 800 students. Alice is doing nicely and getting along fine in her studies.

She is making her home with us, while she is attending school. We often talk about Carlisle while we were attending school there.

Minneapolis is a beautiful city and we like it real well.

I hear there are other Carlisle pupils here in the city, but I haven't had the chance of meeting them yet.

Last week we spent a day at Minniha Falls Park and took our dinner and supper and had a very good time.

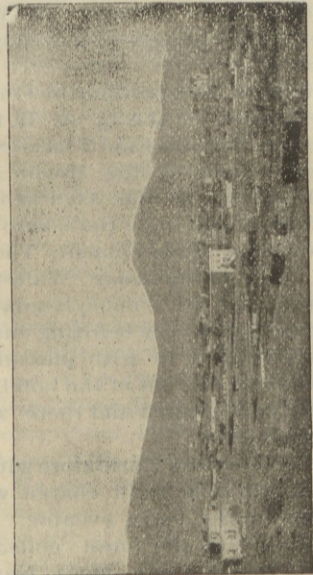
Lillian Brown stopped on her way here and gave us a short visit. I hardly knew her for she has grown so much since I left Carlisle.

I hope this short letter will find you all well and in perfect health.

Wishing you and all good luck and success I remain,

(Mrs.) Edythe Pierce LaDue.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

MARRIED. At "Mautame," the Presbyterian Mission, Wednesday evening, Aug. 19, 1903. Mr. Mark Penoi and Miss Eloise Reese, by Rev. S. V. Fait. Mr. Penoi a graduate of Carlisle, is one of Col. Randlett's efficient clerks in the Government office and is known and loved by many for his fidelity and efficiency as Secretary of the Anadarko, Presbyterian Sunday School. Miss Reese, who is a graduate of the Presbyterian Institute at Tahlequah, I. T. has made a host of friends for herself, because of her excellent work and life in the Riverside Government school, where she has been one of the assistants; but recently received a promotion. All who know these excellent young people, join in best wishes for their future success and happiness.—GUEST.

Miss Burgess and party reached San Francisco 8:30 Sunday morning, having been delayed after leaving Los Angeles. Miss Burgess' brother, Dr. Frank Burgess and family, her brother Alpheus and wife, her aunt Dr. Annie Longshore Potts and Martha Owl Simpson and husband were there to meet them and gave them a royal reception.

A letter from Nina Carlisle brings the word that Esther and Juanada Parker left Chillico a few weeks ago, Esther intends returning, but Juanada has a position at Fort Sill. That Allen Sword and Dawes Whitebird are both married. She says that all the Carlisle folks in Oklahoma are living in nice homes

Miss Barr had a letter from Nancy Wheelock who is in Worcester, Mass., studying to be a nurse. She says that she is now in the woman's surgical ward and helps in all the operations.

"The men called great who have risen to distinction are not always men of brains; they are men of aptitude".

NEW STUDENTS RECEIVED SINCE JUNE.

From Utah.

Horace Nelson, Piante; Joseph Nelson, Piante; Alex Pagenpagets, Shebits; Theodore Pinkie, Shebits; Bert Tasisu, Shebits. Horace Nelson, Piante, St. Geo. Utah, Joseph Nelson, Piante, St. George, Utah.

Shoshone Agency, Wyoming.

SHOSHONE.

John D. Lajennesse, Charles Surrell, Hewitt Ute, Hinkman Tidzump, Lon Waddo. Eunice Day, Virginia Grant, Eunice Passadoah.

ARAPAHOES.

Dorcas Earl, Susan Littlefield, Annie Bearing.

OREGON.

William O. Jones, Cayuse, Umatilla, Oregon. Lon French, Walala, Umatilla, Oregon.

From Oklahoma.

Risdon Gaddy, Delaware; Peter Gaddy, Delaware; Virginia Gaddy, Delaware; Paul Ricketts, Delaware; Willie Nawawshe, Sac & Fox; Orlando Johnson, Sac & Fox; Sarah Mansur, Sac & Fox; Fritz Hendricks, Caddo; Samuel Brown, Caddo; Sadie Dunlap, Caddo; Albert Lorentz, Wichita; Helen Pickard, Wichita; Rosabel Pickard, Wichita; Bell Jones, Wichita; Judson Bertrand, Pottawatomie; Benj. Trombla, Pottawatomie; Mary Goodboo, Pottawatomie; Laura Bertrand, Pottawatomie; Zoa Hardin, Pottawatomie.

From New York.

ST. REGIS.

Jacob Tarbell, Louis Tarbell, Frank Lazore, John Benedict, Loren Jackson, Louis Cook, John McDonald, Thomas Wood, Lewis Herne, Mitchell Solomon.

MOHAWAKS.

Johnson Tarbell, Joshua Billings, David Jacobs, Peter Ransom, David Solomon, David Swamp, Andrew Herne, Mary McDonald, Hattie Billings, Ida Bruce, Anna Paul, Sarah White, Maggie Woodman, Sarah Chubb, Louisa Chubb, Katie Chubb.

SENECA

Mable George, Rose Smith, Roxie Snyder, Lucina Peters, Jennie Jamison, Elenor Spring, Ella Johnson, Ira Spring.

From Minnesota.

Nancy Redthunder, Sioux; Mary Redthunder, Sioux.

From Wisconsin.

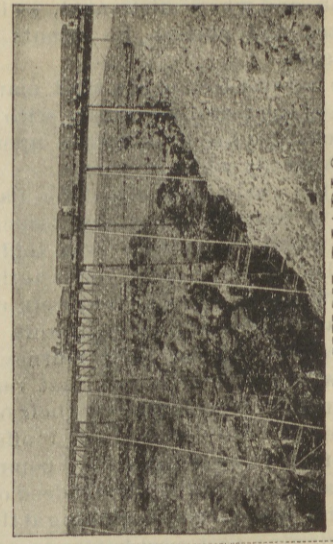
Frank Lonestar, Chippewa; Silas Miller, Chippewa; Wm. J. Isham, Chippewa; John Holmes, Chippewa.

Joseph Sanders, Catawba, South Carolina. Samuel Anaruck, Eskimo; Alaska. Stephen Youngdeer, Cherokee, N. C. Rufus Youngbird, Cherokee, N. C. Thos. Weel, Cherokee, N. C.

From Fort Berthold, N. D.

Stella V. Bear, Arikara; Ellen Grennell, Gros Ventre; Lottie Styles, Arikara; Alex Sage, Arikara; Carl Silk, Gros Ventre; Arthur Mandan, Mandan; Jefferson Smith, Gros Ventre; Charles Huber, Gros Ventre; Mark Mato, Mandan; Cecil Grant, Gros Ventre.

Frank Nick, Zuni, zuni, New Mexico.



CANYON DIABLO.

Enigma.

I am made of 12 letters:
My 8, 2, 10, 12, 12 is what newspapers printed on.
My 9, 3, 1 is what over coats are hung on in some country schools.
My 6, 7, 5 is used to write with.
My 9, 11, 4, 6 is what a boy is called sometimes when studying for college.
My whole are curious things which the Pueblo Indians eat as we do apples, but which our little white readers would not like at all to eat in that way.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA:—Carlisle Indian Industrial School.

Man-on-the-band-stand.

Hot!
 Hotter!
 Hottest this week.
 Rain every other day.
 Mr. Gardner is off on a vacation.
 Electric storm last Tuesday night.
 Tennis is again in the lead for sports here.
 Miss Ferree went to Philadelphia yesterday.
 Miss Bryant, and Miss Smith, arrived on Tuesday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Beitzel returned from the sea shore yesterday.
 Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.
 Mr. Scott has charge of the school house "cleaning brigade."
 Miss Newcomer was the first teacher to return. She came on Thursday.
 Students had corn on cob yesterday dinner for the first time this year.
 Mr. Reising returned on Monday. He spent most of his vacation in Indiana.
 The Masters and Mistresses of the desk and rulers, will begin work next Tuesday.
 The pictures herein are some of the scenes mentioned in Miss Burgess' letter.
 Mr. Gansworth has completed his visits among the boys in the country. He returned on Saturday.

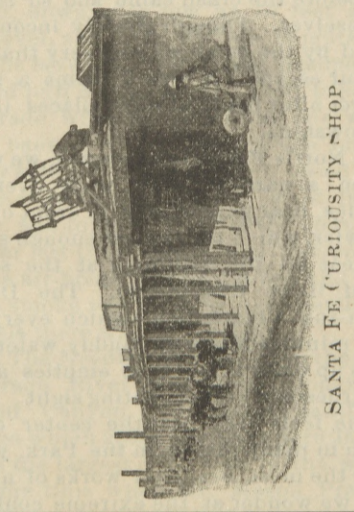
Miss Bowersox Assistant Principal, returned from her home in Paxtonville, this State, Saturday evening.
 The first lemonade treat in the printing office was Tuesday afternoon when the thermometer needed cooling.
 Mrs. Geo. Foulk returned on Monday evening after a very pleasant sojourn at her home in Hagerstown, Md.
 The few band boys here serenaded Mr. Wheelock, Wednesday evening and afterwards played on the band stand.
 Mr. Gray declares that his patch of cows beats the best looking patch on the farm, and it does, says our reporter.
 Miss Ferree assisted Mrs. Munch a few days in the girls quarters, while Misses Weekley and Veitch were away.
 Printer William Scholder in a letter to one of his friends says that he is enjoying country life. He will be in soon.
 Mr. Colegrove, assistant disciplinarian arrived on Friday night from Hayward, Wisconsin, with four new students.
 Dick Pratt enjoys working in the Printing office, doing little card jobs for himself. Dick will some day be a printer.
 The flowers in the shop court are just beginning to look fine. A few more hot days will bring them out in good shape.



PUEBLO SNAKE DANCE.

Mrs. Foster's sister, Miss MoRoss who has been visiting her during the vacation started for a trip on the lakes Monday.
 Miss Scales, after a very pleasant vacation at her home in North Carolina, returned on Monday evening, looking well.
 The Whitney Warner Publishing House of Detroit, Michigan, sent quite a lot of the latest and up to date music to our band. Thanks.
 Surely the Carlisle Sentinel does not believe that the Eskimos eat candles. But why try to make others believe such a ridiculous thing?
 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hurst and baby Elizabeth of Mechanicsburg and Mrs. McCartney of Carlisle were guests of Mrs. Canfield and Miss Ferree on Monday.
 We learn through Mr. Colegrove that James Miller, our former students' assistant cook, is married to Jane Marie, a Carlisle girl. They are living in Wisconsin.
 Esperanza Gonzalo returned to the printing office after a week's vacation with Mary Kadashan. Esperanza says that she had a good time and that Mr. and Mrs. Forney treated her finely.

"Have you a good opportunity to be revenged for a great injury? The truest revenge is to refuse revenge".
 Miss Weekley after several weeks of continual travel among our girls in the country returned on Monday, having completed the outing visits.
 Miss Ericson, brought some preserved fruits for some of our Porto Rican students. The printers tasted some of it. "Oh, that is slick" were the remarks.
 The appearance of our yellow cat near the dining hall caused one of the girls to remark that it must have iron that was rusting in its fur as its color indicated that.
 Sosipatra Suvoroff writes to Miss Paul from Oregon that she is quite happy in her present location. She hopes to be able to visit her home in Alaska before long.



SANTA FE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Mrs. Ruth S. Etnier and Clifford Etnier, of Pittsburg and Miss Jennie Ericson from Porto Rico, were among the visitors this week, renewing old acquaintances.
 Little Alexander Pratt, was a distinguished caller in our Sanctum one day this week. He at once rang the bell for the orderly upon his arrival and made known his presence.
 Was it a sense of humor or a spirit of mischief that prompted one of the boys to change the word "pupil" on sign near the school house so that it reads, "pups must not stop here.?"
 Elijah Wheelock is making quite a "whitewash" man. The kalsomining work under his charge is pleasing the occupants of the various rooms that have been kalsomined.
 Miss Wood, who studied in Harvard University this summer, after spending a few weeks at her home in N. Y. State, returned on Monday evening, ready for the coming term's work.
 Joseph Washington is making some quite fancy comb and brush cases in the tin shop. He has on the cases an Eagle with the American flag painted under it, displaying quite artistic workmanship.
 Quite a number of Shippensburg people were around the grounds on Friday evening. One of Shippensburg's Sunday Schools had a picnic at Mt. Holly and many of them visited us while waiting for the train in town.

We learn through a letter to a friend from Lottie Harris, that she is again on duty at the Jefferson Medical College Hospital in Philadelphia after a very pleasant vacation spent in Carlisle and elsewhere.
 Miss F. G. Paull, came in Saturday and Miss Carter Friday evening. We admire the good judgment that prompts the teachers to come in early, for we think that one can hardly find a better summer resort than Carlisle.



ARIZONA APACHE WOMEN.

Through Mr. Gansworth we learn that his brother Leander, who had an operation for appendicitis, a few weeks ago at Davenport, Iowa, has recovered sufficiently to be able to leave the hospital. Leander intends coming east to his home in New York State.

All the football candidates for this season will be back on Saturday.
 We learn through a postal card that Miss Bourassa is at her home in Michigan, and that her father who has been ill is getting better.
 The Catholic students greeted three new sisters on Sunday. They will take up the work where the others left. They are welcome in our school.
 Mr. Fagley, of Alleghany and friends were among the visitors this week. Mr. Fagley was a student in Dickinson College when Mr. Gansworth was attending there.
 Misses Peter and Weekley, Paul Segui and Julio Hoheb visited Mrs. Etnier and Miss Ericson at the Shaffners home on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Etnier will leave Carlisle tomorrow for Pittsburg, Pa.
 Maria Castro, who has been attending the Bloomsburg State Normal School during the past year came in on Wednesday from Bloomsburg. She left yesterday for New York City, where she expects to remain for a week or so before sailing for her home in Porto Rico.

There is no other school in the whole world that has students enrolling from a greater area of country, or that can speak a larger number of languages than ours. We have representatives from all the tribes from Maine to California, from Minnesota to Arizona.
 Mr. A. J. Fish and his brother of Chicago, arrived Monday evening and are now at work installing one of their latest improved sixteen-foot rotary ovens in our bakery. It is confidently expected that this new oven will be a great improvement over the old-fashioned one bequeathed us by the army.
 Mr. Samuel D. Gilpin, editor and publisher of American Review of Shoe and Leather, was in the office one day this week. He has published in his paper several articles on Carlisle and his visit this week was for the purpose of gathering some points on our system and on the general order of things in this school.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson received a message on Tuesday evening that Mrs. Gallup, Mrs. Thompson's sister, was critically ill at Jersey City. They left on the midnight train for that city. Mrs. Gallup's friends here hope that her illness is not of a very serious nature and that she will come through it all right.
 Mr. Frank A. Thackery, Supt. and Agent, Shawnee, Oklahoma, called on his way to Washington and left us five students. Mr. Thackery reports great interest in the transfer of Indian lands at his agency. Prices are far above what the quality and location of the land would seem properly to justify, are being paid. It is an example added to many others that we have seen showing how anxious the white people are to own everything that belongs to an Indian.

Nearly all the boys and girls remaining at the school this summer have gone to their various tasks in a most praiseworthy manner. Many deserve special mention besides the following who for a time assumed the duties left by employes on vacation: Henry Rowldoges, Francis Freemont, Fred Brushel, Charles Dillon, Joseph Washington, Goliath Bigjim, Wallace Denny, William White, Annie Parker and Lydia Wheelock. We scarcely realize what manly and womanly young people we have until an emergency arises to furnish the test.

James A. McDonald and Miss Jeanette Buckles were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at Reno Tuesday, the Rev. George R. Bird of the Presbyterian Church officiating.
 The groom has been industrial teacher at the Pyramid Lake Reservation for a number of years and has visited Wadsworth so frequently as to have gained a large circle of acquaintances with whom he is very popular. He is a steady, deserving young man in every way worthy of the blessing which has befallen him.
 The bride was a teacher in the school department at the reservation, and while she has been here but a year or so those who have met her speak very highly of her as a very capable and beautiful young woman.—[Wadsworth Despatch.



PUEBLO WOMEN.
 FROM CHAUTAUQUA.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y. Aug. 18, 1903.
 DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND-STAND:
 You might be pleased to learn that one of your "typos," who is now enjoying Chautauqua at its best after six weeks of good hard work in the school of Physical Education, has by no means forgotten you.
 The school closed last Friday with its usual annual exhibition which was given in the Amphitheater before an audience numbering over five thousand.
 The exhibition consisted of Indian club, dumbbell, wand and free-work drills, work on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, horse and mats, fencing and artistic dancing. All of it was given by the students and was very good. I took part in the club drill.
 I have never spent a more pleasant vacation than I did this year, although up to this week my shortest work days were twelve hours. I realized what an opportunity was given me when Dr. Seaver, President of the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, said that he wanted me to take the whole Normal Course and I made up my mind to make use of such an opportunity. Of course I had to work for it but I most certainly agree with Col. Pratt when he says that, "nothing worth having can be gotten with out good hard work."
 Up to this time I have had not much time to do any practicing on my cornet but I find that when I blow here I disturb the whole community as the cottages are so close together. So now whenever I want to practice I take a row boat and go about in the middle of the lake and "blow" to the fish as much as I want.
 Sometimes I attend choir rehearsal and nearly always go to the concerts and I keep my eye on directors Hallom of the choir and Vincent of the band and orchestra to get all the pointers I can on directing.
 Mathews and Bender are making themselves useful at the "Vermont." Bender is learning as much about the art of cooking as he can. He was so eager to learn that Miss Patton, at first, thought she would not have to go to the expense of engaging a cook. But one day she sent him down the cellar to get some milk for the mashed potatoes and instead of getting the milk he got some one's baby-food and before Miss Patton had time to see whether he got the milk or something else he had the baby-food in the potatoes and was beating them with a flat iron. When he was told what he had done he replied, "That won't hurt the smashed potatoes any." Another time he tried to freeze cream without using the dasher. After churning two long hours Miss Patton went down and found out what the trouble was.
 One morning when breakfast was late he was told to make some toasts. He got a few slices of bread, put them in the toaster and after browning one side, instead of turning the toaster he coolly opened the toaster and turn the toasts.
 Miss Patton concluded that it would pay better to get a cook.
 The boys are getting a good many titles here, Mathews is fire-builder and chief bottle-washer and Bender cooler-filler and chief pot-cleaner.
 The Carlisle family at Chautauqua is growing smaller. Miss Smith and Miss Ferree have left us which leaves only four here now.
 Miss Ferree took some of her meals here and we all had a chance to wait on her. If you wish to know who made the best waiter ask her.
 Sincerely yours,
 ALFRED M. VENNE
 Teacher.—What is a grass widow?
 Pupil.—A woman whose husband died of the hay-fever.

Though their reservation is the largest of all Indian reserves, including several million acres lying in northern Arizona, northwestern New Mexico and southeastern Utah, most of it is volcanic land,—the abomination of desolation—the painted desert, waterless, treeless, plantless, lifeless. To secure even a meager living, the Navaho must be a nomad, leading his flocks over great stretches of arid desert, his keen eyes ever scanning the foot of each rising mesa—in search of some tiny water seepage that shall promise ever so scanty a supply of grass and salt brush. When this is exhausted, on he must go, his flocks being decimated in the tedious passage.

It is on this account that the Government has wisely permitted the Navahos to go upon the adjoining public domains to find pasturage for their flocks. Yet even so, they have steadily decreased during the past six years. While it is difficult to get an exact estimate of their possessions—the Navahos have a deep rooted superstition against counting their flocks, believing that he who does so will die—official reports credit them with only 500,000 head of sheep and goats as against a million head ten years ago.

As property is not held in common among the Navahos, there are gradations in the social scale even as among civilized people. While a few comparatively wealthy individuals may possess large flocks, the majority will not average over a hundred head—and many have but the "one wee lamb" or none at all. In recent years, the fleece on the Navaho sheep has not averaged more than three or four pounds each, while last year it dropped to two and a half. Sold to the traders, this brought but six cents a pound for the black and eight for the white, making about twenty cents for the wool of an averaged sized sheep. This past spring the flocks were for the most part in excellent condition. Both the quality and quantity of the wool averaged much better and, if the scale of price may be applied to the Navaho's clip that has been promised to the sheep men in the rest of the territory, there will be an advance of 33 1/3 per cent. over last year's prices. Unfortunately for the Indian, he has heretofore been quite at the mercy of the trader, who has held his post for the money there was in it. For the three staple products of the Indians—hides, wool and blankets—he has given low prices, while in return the Navaho has been paying ten cents per pound for his sugar, four dollars per hundred pounds for a poor grade of flour, and proportionate prices for coffee and for a baking powder so badly adulterated that it has produced a widespread form of stomach trouble among the Indians.

This abuse is now about to be remedied at a new trading post established near the Little Colorado River where business will be managed more in accordance with Christian principles. It is in this vicinity that the Indians have been doing their pitiful best during the last two or three years to build ditches and a storage dam whereby the infrequent rainfall or the annual overflow of the river might be conserved. Bravely they have labored in heat, cold and weariness, with few tools often with insufficient food, and ever with a headache lest the land, being outside the reservation, might be taken away from them. Now comes the cheering news that the Government will allot the lands to those who have improved them, that an expenditure of \$5,000 is ordered for an irrigation plant that shall include ditch, dam, material for conduits and mills, and that the Indians will receive pay for the ditch work which is now under way. As an illustration of how anxious the Indians are to work, the mining engineer reports that a number of them walked ninety miles to get an opportunity to handle a shovel at \$1.10 per day. The general oversight of this work is in charge of the Indians faithful friend, W. R. Johnstone, superintendent of all the National Indian Associations missionary work in Arizona.

In none of the Indian nations is there a fairer division of labor than among the Navahos. While their most distinctive native craft, the art of weaving, is a feminine accomplishment, the men are not idle, and the threadbare term of "lazy buck," does not apply, save in sporadic instances. They build the hogans, and there is no hit-or-miss about these structures, which are supposed to follow the original model given by the gods and mythical progenitors of the tribe. They also care for the horses, cultivate their

sterile fields, gather fire-wood, ply their crude but artistic trades of iron and silver-smithing and lend efficient aid in caring for the children, which are more numerous than in any of the other tribes. A common sight is a fine-looking old man, "packing" his bright-eyed grand-baby on his back or giving it a sand bath—the desert makeshift for water-bathing.

The plan of the little mud and brush structures which the Navahos call howonizoni, "house beautiful," is always the same. There are three principal timbers in the frame securely locked at the apex by interlacing forks whose butt ends are firmly planted in the ground. The sides are formed of stout poles, and the whole is well covered with bark and reeds and earth. The door is made to face the East, that the house may be directly open to the benign influences of Qasteeyalci—the god of dawn. Another point to be borne in mind in selecting a site for a dwelling is that it be far removed from the hills of red ants. The reason given is that in the under-world these pests annoyed "First man" and the other gods who then dwelt together and caused their dispersal. The furnishing of the hogan is simple in the extreme. A pile of blankets, a hole in the earth floor for the "squaw" fire, a few tin cans and occasionally a smoke-blackened, battered coffee pot, a sheep-skin—which serves as a seat with the wool side up, or a kneading tray for the bread when reversed—the saddle, with as many gorgeous silver trappings as the family purse allows, and several bundles of gay calico or cretonne in which repose the few family treasures.

When there is a death in the family the hogan must be burned at once—a sanitary measure that cannot be improved upon. This is not the Navaho's reason, however. He burns it to get rid of "Ah-chin-dee", the evil spirit who is believed to take possession of a house after a death. In order to thwart the machinations of this same malevolent spirit, even the tracks of the mourners and medicine men who leave the hogan must be brushed over and effaced with a twig to prevent his following them. Among other prevalent superstitions, the most common is that the man who looks on his mother-in-law will go blind. This unfortunate possibility keeps the mother-in-law constantly on the alert to guard against an encounter that would bring trouble to all concerned. Still another belief among the Navahos is that if they eat chickens or eggs they will thenceforward be obliged to crow like roosters in the night.

It is in line with these superstitions that the medicine men, who are religious teachers as well as doctors and sorcerers, have kept their hold upon the people. A Navaho family is seldom too poor to engage the services of a medicine man to sing over some sick member of the family, payment being usually made with sheep or its equivalent. Armed with rattles made of gourds, a big bowl of some unholy looking brew, and varied equipment of medicaments consisting in part of the bones of a blue heron and the rattles of a snake, he makes his appearance at the hogan. A hot fire is lighted in the center of the room, the invalid is propped up near it, and the relatives gather about in a circle. Then the powwow begins with a mournful minor chant having numberless crescendos and diminuendos accompanying the entire performance which frequently lasts for hours. In extreme cases, the face of the sufferer is often painted coal black except the forehead which is red. When a Navaho realizes that death is coming he prepares for it by turning on the right side with one hand under the cheek and the knees drawn up.

The women among the Navahos find their work mainly in the cooking and the weaving. The former is soon attended to. The loaves of bread, mixed on the sheep-skin, are baked in the ashes, not a single dish being used in the whole operation. If they have mutton, it is roasted on the coals or on a spit in front of the fire, in genuine Homeric style. An empty tomato can serves to boil the coffee which they dearly love. When they cannot afford that, a brew is made of "Mormon tea," from a desert plant whose taste is a blend of catnip and sage. When they eat, all sit about in a circle, using their fingers in lieu of other implements. In the comparatively few cases where the women have been able to receive instruction in the housewifely arts from the field matrons in New Mexico or from Mrs. Johnstone in Arizona, they have shown themselves apt pupils, willing and eager to learn.

OUR TRAVELLERS IN THE YELLOWSTONE.

PROVIDENCE, WASH., Aug. 14, 1903.

DEAR MAN-ON-THE-BAND STAND:

As we look out of our car windows we feel we must be stranded on the dreary plains. The only living things in sight are a few horses that seem to be having a hard time getting a square meal off the sage brush.

While in Yellowstone Park we felt often that we were tempting Providence in walking over the formation near the geysers, but we hardly thought we would so soon have our deserts. About three thirty this morning we were made aware with many bangs and jerks that something had happened. We soon found we had crashed into the rear of a freight train and our engine was smashed, also two freight cars and the mail and baggage cars were derailed. No one was hurt, the engineer and firemen escaping by jumping before the crash came and so saving themselves. Though greatly inconvenienced by the delay we feel very thankful for our escape. A wreck seems a small danger after being in some places in the Yellowstone.

At Norris Basin, for instance, we walked on a narrow plank walk over hot springs, near geysers and in front of the Growler, which throws out enough steam to heat all the buildings at the school could it be transmitted. The Devil's Bath-tub, a black hole which every fifteen minutes fills with muddy water that boils up quite high, then empties again, is a gruesome yet fascinating sight. Really, one feels very near the center of the earth in many places in the Park, yet so near the most beautiful works of nature that we wonder at the extreme contrast.

We were fortunate in getting an army team at the Fort and with our four mules started on our trip around the Park under the most auspicious circumstances. At Mammoth Hot Springs, our first stop after leaving the railroad at Gardener we enjoyed the glorious colors in the Minerva Cascade. The hot water bubbling up at the top overflows and for centuries has been forming brilliant little pools along the hillside in colors from the most dazzling white to jet black.

Our drive from Mammoth through the Hoodoos, a rocky valley, through the Silver and then the Golden Gates, the latter so named from the yellow moss which grows on the rocks at the side, beside babbling brooks and pretty waterfalls, by the Obsidian or Black Glass Cliff, through pleasant valleys until Norris Basin is reached, made a pleasant beginning to our trip. As we had our own team we reversed the usual route to escape a large excursion, and so drove to the Canyon Hotel for our second night in the Park.

I wish I could describe to you the wondrous beauty of the Canyon as we saw it at early twilight and then as the full moon rose over the mountains and shone down on the Yellowstone River at the bottom of the Canyon, speeding on its way by the Falls at the upper part of the Canyon through this valley of matchless coloring. But we were speechless then at the beauty of it and even now I could describe it in no way that could give you the smallest conception of its awesome beauty. As one of our little party said, "It was the best sermon, the most glorious music and the finest prayer we could have had that Sunday."

The drive next day was very pleasant. Though dusty we felt well paid on reaching the Lake for any discomforts we may have had. Yellowstone Lake is one of the highest navigable waters in the world and with the snow-capped mountains of the Shoshone as a back-ground is said to resemble in beauty Lake Geneva in Switzerland.

We spent the evening on the water and next morning at five o'clock Father and Dr. Fox went fishing with great success.

About nine thirty we took steamer "Zilkah" over to the Thumb, escaping nineteen miles of very dusty and uninteresting drive. We stopped at one of the islands where five buffalo, one a king of his race, being so large, and several elk were kept by the Navigation Company. It seemed sad to see these fine animals fenced in where once they roamed with so much freedom. But the law forbids the shooting of animals in the Park, and to see the deer so tame and squirrels and chipmunks sitting by the roadside eyeing us, gave us much pleasure. I wish the small boys and girls could have seen the bears come to the garbage pile and take their evening meal very peaceably while

twenty or thirty people were only a few yards away watching them. We saw grizzlies, silver tips and black bears. One family of silver tips at the Canyon Hotel afforded us much amusement. The "boss" as they called the big bear kept the mother bear and her small family of two away by sniffs and growls until he had a good start on his supper. Then the mother bear evidently persuaded him to allow her to bring the family to dine.

When we left they seemed to be having a happy time over the tin cans.

At the Thumb is a hot basin on the edge of the Lake from which they say one can catch trout, then cook them in the hot spring. The fact that it can be done rather than the doing of it is interesting.

Our drive over to Larry's on the upper basin was extremely hot and dusty, but we reached there just as Old Faithful spouted giving some of us our first view of the beautiful side of the geysers. The hotel at Larry's had burned and as the tents were full we made the most of our time by looking over the basin under the guidance of the sergeant in charge of that district. Here we saw craters of geysers now extinct and of those very much alive,—The Giant and Giantess, The Lion, Lioness and Two Cubs. The Bee Hive, which with Old Faithful I remember most distinctly from my former visit, is now extinct or practically so, for someone in order to make it play put in a lot of soap, and since then it has been most erratic in its performances.

We rested and had tea at the soldiers' quarters while waiting for the Castle Geyser to give its daily performance, but like some children it did not show off when we most wanted it to. Although we had already driven thirty-eight miles that day we had to push on to the Fountain Hotel nine miles away. We passed by many pretty pools, one especially the Morning Glory—so called because of its dark blue depth in the center shading to the edge into the most delicate blue. We were delighted to find a good dinner awaiting us at The Fountain and comfortable beds, both of which we appreciated after our long days' trip.

The next morning we drove around to see the paint pots or hot boiling mud pools. The dining room at the hotel had its decorations and walls colored from these pools. The Fountain Geyser played and in the early morning light was a very pretty sight. Many pretty pools greeted us on either side of the road. One particularly attracted us called "Surprise Pool." By throwing a handful of sand into it, it is immediately made to boil up like grease in a frying pan. On our way to Norris Basin we stopped to see the crater of Excelsior Geyser, once the largest in the Park, but which has not played for twenty years. It still boils and steams enough to frighten the timid, and where it overflows into the creek it has caused streaked formations in various colors which centuries ago may have been the way the Canyon got its coloring.

I failed to mention the Mud Grotto which impressed us as the most horrible sight in the Park. The muddy water gushes out with great force and with a fearful sound is sucked back into the earth. Someone suggested that if a penitentiary or prison were built near there and the inmates required to spend so much time each day in front of it they would soon see the error of their ways.

In spite of fear and awe at many places our trip, as we look back on it, is filled with the most pleasant associations. Our congenial little party of six all agreed as we passed through the gateway to the Park on our way back to the train that for pleasant weather, good company, for the many beautiful and awe inspiring sights, and last but not least for our four good army mules we were most grateful.

Our best wish to you all is that you may be as fortunate as we, all conditions included, when you make your five and a half days trip through Nature's Wonder land.

Sincerely,
RICHENDA PRATT.

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